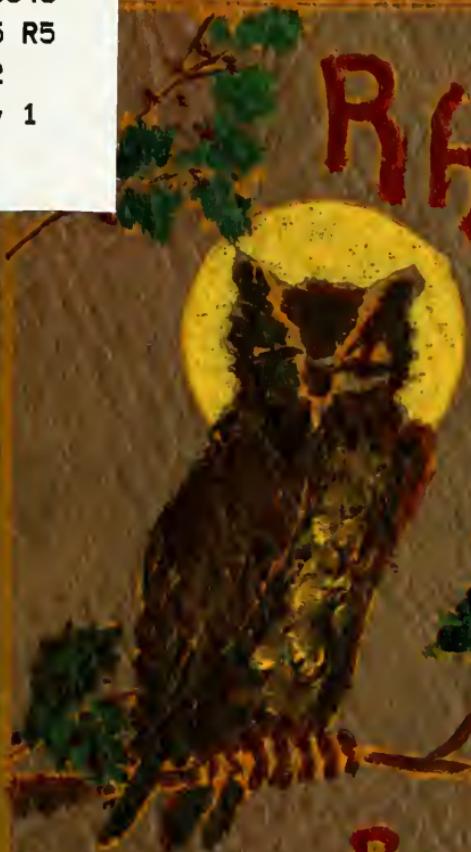
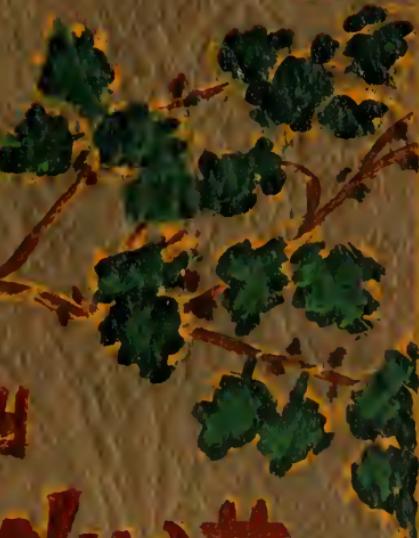


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# Rhymes



By  
Hal Wyatt







# RHYMES

BY HAL WYATT

11

DEDICATED TO MY MOTHER

ILLUSTRATED BY THE  
AUTHOR

1922

HAL WYATT

1210 WEST THIRTY-SIXTH STREET

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

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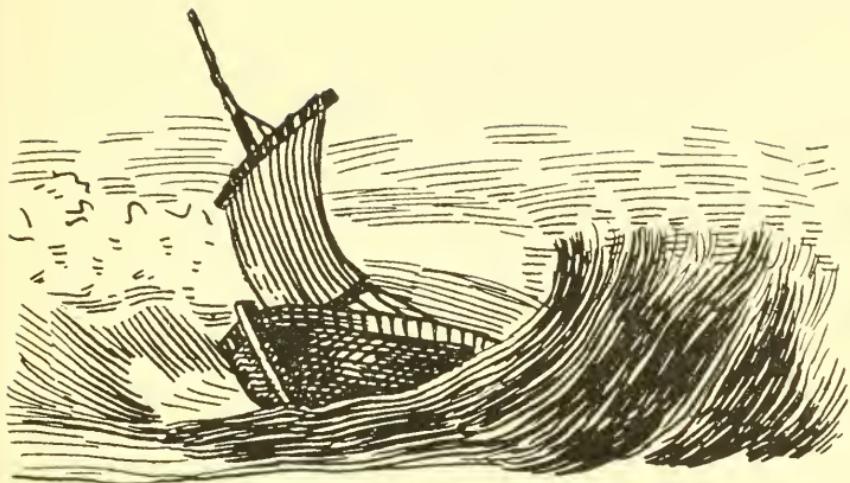
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### THE ROLLING TIDE

The rolling tide of the sea of life  
Rolls o'er the sands of time,  
And bears through ocean's seething strife  
    My fragile craft, sublime,  
Its far most prow has lapped the shore  
    And time holds out its hand,  
One clasp and then the ocean's roar  
    Draws back away from land.

O sea, of life from whence I came  
    And where again I go,  
I've been an instant, learned a Name  
    And now the tide runs low,  
Before I was I did not know  
    Nor yet I understand,  
And now the tide is running low  
    And bearing me from land.

O bounding sea, canst tell thou me  
That flows from whence I came,  
What store there is for me at sea  
Since I have learned a Name?  
A Name that is and always was  
And yet I did not know  
Until an instant's consciousness  
And now the tide runs low.

Will fresher tides bear me to land  
A million times in time  
'Til consciousness will understand  
In realms of thoughts sublime?  
I've been in time and learned a Name  
And now the chill winds blow,  
My frail craft drifts from whence I came  
As tides are running low.



## THE PROMISE OF MORNING

There's a promise in the morning  
When the grass is wet with dew,  
When the first rays are adorning  
Spear and twig with rainbow hue,  
When the air is sweet and cooling  
Blowing fragrance from the fields  
And we know there's Someone ruling  
With a promise of rich yields.

When the cows are early lowing  
Seems as if they understood,  
While the chanticleers shrill crowing  
Just because they feel so good  
Brings an answer to their calling  
From their neighbors' joyous throats,  
And the thrushes' notes a falling  
Breathes a promise in the notes.

Notice how the gay grasshopper  
In the fresh morn hops with glee,  
There's no use to try to stop her  
As her heart is gay and free,  
And the jay upon the arbor  
Bobs its head in sheer delight  
Telling all that mornings harbor  
Promises that live through night.



THE BLABBERS

## THE BLABBERS

Just how the tale got out, I swan!  
I'm sure I can't discover  
But now its told for miles around  
That I am Jane Brown's lover,  
We both were pledged to secrecy  
'Til I had won my spurs,  
And the only way it 'pears to me  
Is just what Jane avers,  
We whispered it beneath the tree,  
Who told it to the smart pee-wee,  
Who must have blabbed it to the bee  
And that old bungling, bumble bee  
Has sung around 'bout Jane and me.

I know that tree, a tatling pine  
Where I had carved Jane's name with mine  
And deeply lined sweet Cupid's dart  
Struck through the center of a heart,  
We loved her aromatic breath  
And both vowed love clear on through death  
Beneath her branches' woven shade,  
But now she's tattled, I'm afraid.  
We only spoke it 'neath that tree,  
She must have told that pert pee-wee,  
That chatter-box blabbed to the bee,  
(The lazy, droning bumble bee)  
Who's sung around 'bout Jane and me.

Because I built a rustic seat  
    Around the trunk of that pine tree,  
Where every day I went to meet  
    Dear Jane, who came to be with me,  
I'm sure 'twould not cause folks to think  
    That I loved Jane and she loved me  
But when I pass I see them wink  
    All on account of that pine tree.  
O yes, the tree, told the pee-wee,  
    Who couldn't wait to tell the bee,  
(The driveling, blabbing bumble bee)  
    And course he's blabbed 'bout Jane and me.



### THE BIRTH OF THE FLOWERS

The ambrosial days have come with all their vernal throng  
Attended by the choral hosts, that bathes the woods in  
song,  
The feathered deputation sing, "behold the birth of flowers,"  
They're clinging to the breasts of earth in shady nooks  
and bowers,  
On tendril stem the violet, sways in the austral breeze,  
While buttercups with golden smiles and softly toned  
heartsease  
Glow brightly like effulgent gems beneath the sap wet trees.  
  
The thrush sings in the lilac bush whose globate buds have  
burst,  
While impeared dews, in lily cups, dissolve and quench  
their thirst,  
Sweetwilliams troop across the fields that lately lay impregn,  
Whose breath the meadow larks descant in unified es-  
teem,  
The grasses green in emerald sheen have carpeted the lanes  
And hedges run unbrageous lines across the heathered  
plains,  
While down the slopes the blue bell hosts trip in joyous  
trains.

The sun beam wooes the dandelion and lives in her embrace,  
The roguish little zephers kiss the wind flowers blushing face,  
Mother earth in sweet content, which maternal instincts bring,  
Basks in the joy of motherhood and nurses her offspring,  
In euphonic notes the song birds sing, "the flowers are born again,"  
While through the reed harmonium, the wind plays the refrain  
And mellifluent streams murmur, "I'm glad they've come again."



## SING ME A SONG OF SIX-PENCE

O, sing me a song of six-pence  
And pockets filled with rye,  
But not of kings in opulence  
When served to guilded pie.

Sing to me of humble homes  
Where hearts are free from guile,  
Where 'round the hearth a true love roams  
And a smile is just a smile.

Where sympathy felt in the heart  
Assuages pain of years,  
And love in courtship has a part  
And tears are honest tears.

I love the humble, homely theme  
Of small things and their worth,  
Of simple joys that gently teem  
With simple homespun mirth.

The clasp of hands that honest work  
Has browned with weary toil,  
Brings pleasant thrills that always shirk  
To thrill the hands of spoil.

O, not of guilded palaces  
I would that you would sing,  
But of humble homes with trellises,  
Where honey suckle cling.

For songs of lowly six-pence  
And pockets filled with rye,  
Are sweeter far than opulence  
When served to guilded pie.

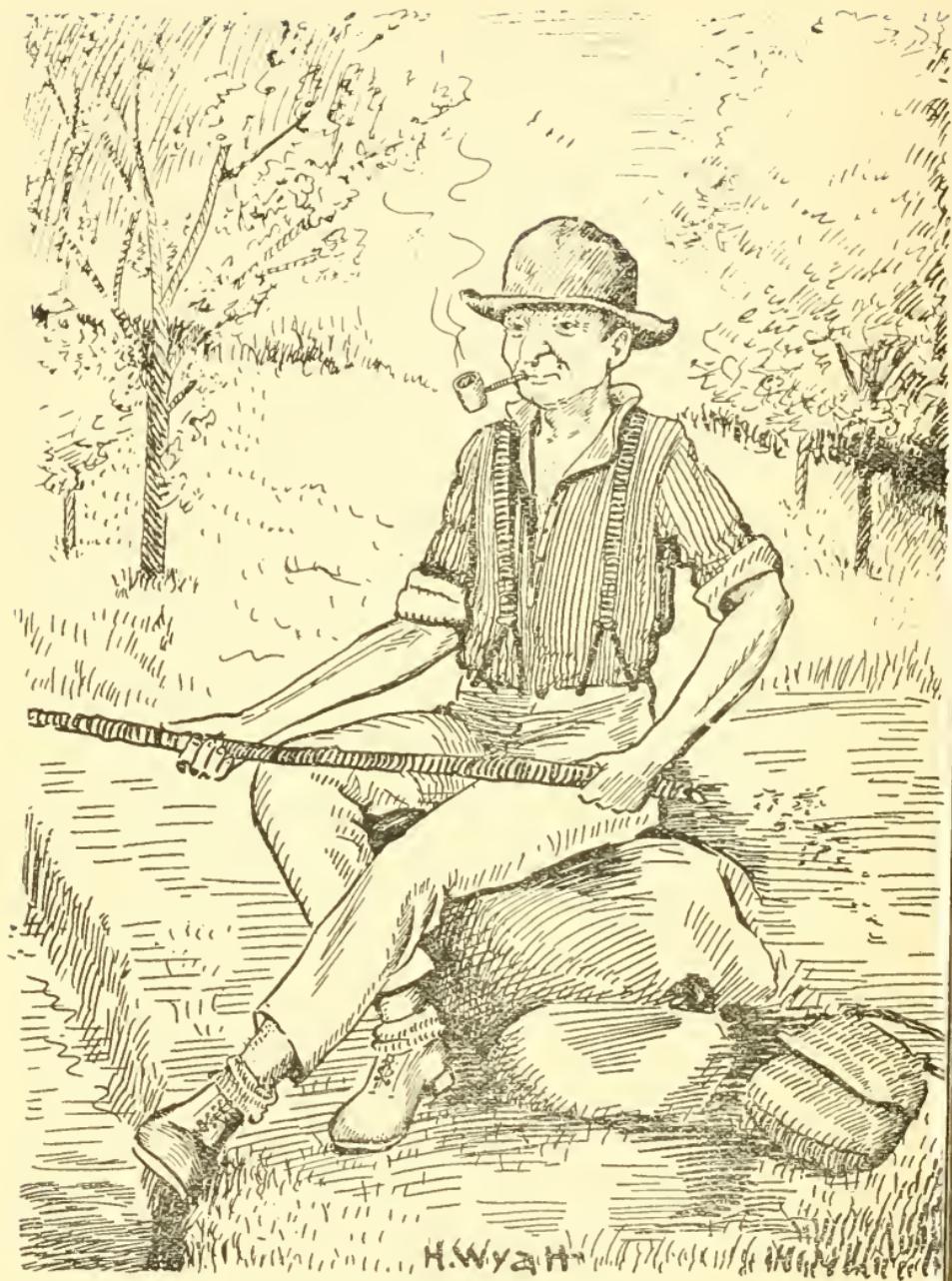


## WHAT'S THE USE OF WISHING ?

At times I git ter thinkin' 'bout the gals  
With their soft skin and silky, fluffy curls,  
And purty eyes that with their lips jest smile  
Until my head gits giddy like and whirls,  
And I wonder if there's any gal that lives  
That could ever care a little bit for me  
But, I've growed up so ugly that it gives  
The shivers ter a gal for just ter see  
An ugly, awkward, rawboned cuss like me.

I simply love ter hear the girls giggle  
And cuttin' up and laughin' with each other,  
Jest like kittens play around and wiggle  
Unless they're with a chap, who aint their brother.  
I'm jealous, though I haven't got no show  
And sometimes feel like taking paw's old gun  
When I see fellers with their gals and go  
Out ter the barn and have my mis'ry done,  
Caise yer jest as well be dead as have no fun.

It's mighty darned blamed funny in my case,  
At night when I have milked and fed the calf  
I oil my hair and slick my ugly face  
And think of funny things ter make gals laugh,  
But blame me, when I see them, I cain't talk,  
Gee! I wish I could, but no use wishin'  
O, well, I guess I'll git my lines and walk  
Down to the creek and try a little fishin',  
But gosh! I wish—but what's the use of wishin'?



I AIN'T NO MARRYIN' MAN

## I AIN'T NO MARRYING MAN

It makes me plumb mad when I hears  
Folks ax, "say Bill, why don't yer wed,  
Yer gittin' long right smart in years

And the gray gits prominent on yer head?"  
I don't go meddlin' with folks affairs,  
That aint my style or aint my plan,  
Jest let them harness up in pairs  
As fer me, I aint no marrying man.

And I hears folks er tellin' 'round  
That I'm too lazy ter sport a wife  
And would rather loaf about their town  
Or fish away my worthless life,  
But let 'em rave, don't hurt me none,  
A skillet, plate and dish and pan  
Will take the place o' wimmen, son  
And I simply aint no marrying man.

Fer instance, see this here houn' pup,  
He allus shares my board and bed  
And both us point blank won't git up  
Until the sun is ripe and red,  
Unless we're on er experdition  
Then up so early me and Dan,  
We wouldn't hev no fun in fishin'  
Except I warn't no marrying man.

And it 'fects me cur'os ter be bossed,  
 I'd hate ter be in Duncan's shoes,  
 He's allus a gettin' double crossed  
 And caint do nothin' that he choose,  
 Think he could smoke his cob in bed  
 Like I do when I'm feelin' blue?  
 She'd yank his year right off his head  
 And so would other wimmen too.

I sometimes think my frens are sore  
 Caise I don't 'sume er lot of care  
 And 'nex er widder with three or four  
 Ter make up fer my easy share;  
 Now I aint sot agin this matin',  
 At times I think I'll try the plan  
 But give it up on close debatin'  
 As I just warn't born no marrying man.



## POOR LITTLE TEDDY BEAR

In a cubby hole beneath the stair  
With a tear in his one beady eye,  
Neglected he lie, a small teddy bear  
With no one to hear his sad sigh.

The hair on his nose was bare and thin  
Where sweet baby lips had been pressed  
And one poor leg was hung by a pin,  
O, he looked so very distressed.

And through a big gap, his sawdust heart  
That was all leaking out on the floor,  
Indicated it burst when he had to part  
With one he had learned to adore.

Small arms were missed for many a day  
And a voice would be heard never more,  
Now midst a heap of rubbish he lay  
In the dust of a cubby hole floor.

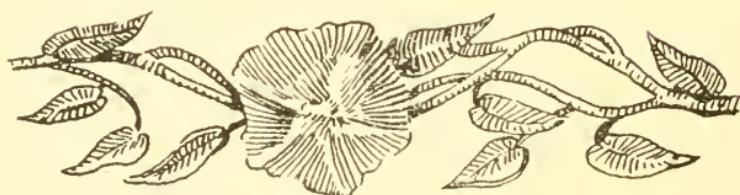
No one to wipe the tear from his eye,  
No one to pity or care  
No one to answer the broken heart sigh  
Of the poor little, brown teddy bear.

## REFLECTION

Beneath the drooping willow trees  
    Reflected in the pool below,  
Distinct, the shadows as the breeze  
    Move bending branches to and fro.  
The air was pure and strong with light  
    While the shadows imaged clear and bright.

When lo! a sudden mist arose  
    Obscuring all the things in view.  
And less and less each image grows  
    That had reflected clear and true.  
Before the sun a mist arose  
    The breeze becomes a wind that blows.

Just so, when thought is pure and clear,  
    In the life pool of consciousness  
We see the image without fear  
    That cannot know the least duress.  
But through the mist of mortal mind  
    Truth's image can not be defined.



## DER SILLY SCHAP

I know a man, a friendt of mine,  
 Who vas a silly schap  
 Und effer dime he goes ter ped  
 He takes a liddle nap,  
 Den ven der mornings rolled aroundt  
 Und den der sun arose  
 Dis silly schap; now vat you dinks?  
 He pudts on all his clothes.

Aboudt a veek or two ago  
 Or schust der day before,  
 Because I dook his ofer coat  
 Dis silly man got sore;  
 He vas der queerest schap I know  
 It almost makes me cry,  
 I don't know how to dake dis man  
 . No madder how I dry.

Vy schust last night he smash my nose  
 Und almost dook my life  
 Ven der only ding I effer done  
 Vas schust ter kiss his wife  
 It almost preaks my heart ter know  
 So mean und queer a schap—  
 Ven I haf let him lendt me coin  
 A dozen times, perhaps—

Vell vat's der use,—I've been his friendt  
 Der pest he effer hadt  
 But schust der same, by yimminy!  
 He sometimes gets me madt.

## THERE IS NO TIME TO WEEP

Dry your eyes my tearful friend,  
There is no time to weep,  
Besides who cares that thoughts attend  
To drive away your sleep?  
When sickness creeps upon the mind  
The love of friends is deaf and blind.

Self pity lives a lonesome life,  
It strays not from its home,  
No sorrow of another's strife  
Will step within its gloam:  
It only talks to self of grief  
'Til self has grown in its belief.

But notice how a smile will flit  
Between the hours of day  
From one brave heart to go and sit  
Where happy thoughts hold sway,  
It barters love for joy in lieu  
Of bitter thoughts that sadden you.

Grief and joy must live apart,  
A smile knows not a tear,  
The one is true born of the heart,  
The other born of fear:  
When sorrow speaks of woes that hurt  
Why not to smiles and joys revert?

## HOW SWEET ARE YOU?

Sweet is the maid, when sweet six-teen  
With the tint in her cheeks of a rosebud's sheen  
With the gold of the beam in wanton play  
Splashing her hair with its gilded spray,  
While soft lips quiver in fancied bliss  
With the lover's thrill of a soul felt kiss.

But sweeter still than sweet six-teen  
Of the mystic maid of youthful mein,  
Is the ripened flower of thirty-two,  
For as one six-teen is sweet 'tis true  
That two six-teens are doubly fair  
As twice the sweet lies in a pair.

And as the days leap into years  
Fed with smiles and bathed in tears,  
The sweet of a maid as the sweet of a flower  
Grows fragrant more with the waning hour,  
As the hint of a sweet or the trace of perfume  
Possesses charms not in full bloom.

Even as petals fall from the rose  
The scent of its breath more subtile grows,  
As tresses streak with silvery gray  
The sweetness of years is stored away,  
Sweet six-teen is sweet 'tis true  
But grows with time; how sweet are you?

## TODAYS BUT YESTERDAYS

A seared leaf loosed its withered lips  
From mother tree whose breasts were dry  
And with many a flit and downward dips  
Fell to dank earth there to die.

A day fell from my tree of life,  
Whose growth new realms of time must find  
And quietly dropped from teeming strife  
Into the silence left behind.

But lo! upon that limb when seen  
E're many days had twinkled by,  
I marveled that the leaf now green  
Waved at the bluebirds singing nigh.

While from the tree of life the flower,  
That bloomed in thought of days of yore,  
Glowed brightly in the present hour  
And then I marveled more and more.

In ceaseless glide, do present days  
Press in tomorrow's share of time  
Or are we living yesterdays  
Refreshed with God's process, sublime?

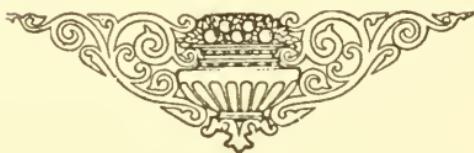
LIS'EN HONEY

Lis'en honey, doan yo' membah, what yo' tole me las'  
Decembah  
When de wind was jest er howlin' and the groun' was  
white wid snow  
Yo' said Sambo, wait 'til spring, when de lark am on de wing,  
Wait 'til wintah's quit its growlin' and de soft souf wind  
do blow.

Den yo' voice soun' lak de strummin'  
Ob mah banjo when its hummin'  
Tunes from heaben dat de angels sen',  
While from yo' lips red lak de cherry  
Came de words, "den us'll mary  
In de spring wid de robbin and de wren."

Lis'en honey! heah dat singin'  
Ob dat lark dat sits dar swingin'  
Swayin' on a bough in de breeze,  
See dat perky, saucy robbin'  
Dat from limb to limb am bobbin'  
Huntin' fo' a homesite in de trees.  
Feel dat soft wind from de souf'  
Kiss yo' on de hair an' mouf',  
It am time dat we was matin' wid de  
Sprig am heah, de calves am sheddin'  
Doan yo' see mah ahms outspreadin'  
Jest to fold yo' clos agin mah bi

Down upon de smilin' riber,  
    Whar at night de moonbeams quiber,  
I's a cabin dar beneath er 'simmon tree,  
It am peepin' froo de vines  
    And all de time it pines  
    Fo' de day when yo' is comin' home wid me.



## THE SONG OF CHRISTMAS BELLS

I sit in the purple gloaming of the dusk of Christmas eve  
And listen to the toning of the bells that seem to leave  
A strain of joy and sorrow in their wake of silvery peal  
Bring tidings of the morrow with their notes of woe and  
weal.

And from my darkened room I can see the dazzling glare  
As street lamps pierce the gloom and passing faces  
there,  
And in whim of fancy's mind as a stately man goes by  
I steal along behind as the man does homeward hie.

O, the loving hugs and pats as his children run to meet  
And his wife takes coat and hat with a loving kiss to  
greet  
And the mistletoe and holly and the flowers and evergreen  
With the rippling laughs so jolly, filled the room with  
joyous sheen.

'Tis but the instant's fancy and the Christmas bells still ring,  
Then my mind reverts again to the arc lights circling  
fling  
Of lights that pierce the shadows and draws from murky  
night  
The figure of a woman, wan and haggard in the light.

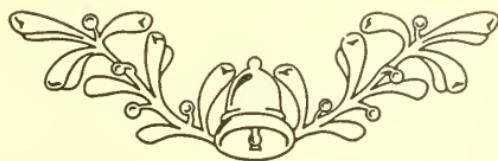
With feelings dread and dire I follow to her home,  
    But at times she seems to tire as she stumbles through  
        the gloam,  
Tho' at last we reach her quarters, in the garret 'neath the  
        eaves,  
With the broken panes and plaster and the holes filled  
        up with leaves.

On a pallet lies a cripple, worn and wasted with disease,  
    In the moonlights silver stipple is a child on bended  
        knees,  
And I hear their flaccid voices blending in beseeching prayer  
    While the mother passes out to weep alone upon the  
        stair.

From this scene I quickly turn to forget its pain and grief  
    But the painful scene still burns through my mind in  
        sharp relief,  
When kneeling 'gainst the churchsteps where the ivy's  
        clinging dead  
I seem to see a figure with a halo 'bove His head.

And through the doors inside, throng a happy joyous crowd,  
    In their eyes are looks of pride, on their lips are words  
        of God,  
But they do not see the figure, kneeling there with head  
        bowed low  
As the halo 'bout His brow is not as bright as gowns  
        that glow.

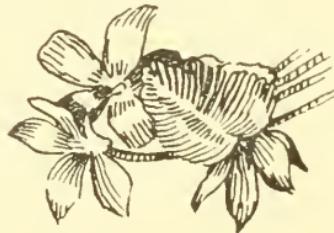
'Tis but the fancy's story told in song of Christmas bell  
    But there's sadness with the glory that the rays of  
        cheer can't quell  
As I hear it in the peals of the bells across the snow  
    There's a sob bound in their sweetness as they're ring-  
        ing soft and low.



## A SISTER

I loved her but her pretty eyes  
That looked me through with out a sign,  
Said O, so plain that never sighs  
Were in her heart to answers mine,  
I did not ask to know her heart,  
When eyes speak not of love's sweet gain  
How could I bear to see the part  
Of her dear lips in speaking pain ?

I checked the torrent of the word  
That clammered for my love's appeal,  
The answer to my heart was heard  
Not through my ears but what I feel;  
What use is there of added pain  
When eyes speak not I love you too,  
And listen to that sad refrain,  
I'll be a sister dear, to you.



## THE MATING CALL

It is all quite well to weave a spell  
    Of momentary bliss,  
'Bout twig and vine and bees that pine  
    For rose buds honeyed kiss,  
Yet after all, sweet nature's charms  
    But helps the hour that slips,  
We'd give it all for woman's arms  
    And pressure of her lips.

The dance of rill, the song birds' trill  
    The lowing of the kine,  
The gibbous moon, the winds that croon  
    And rock the baby pine,  
All start the pulse in gladsome throb  
    And lights the inward eye  
But what is that to hearts that sob  
    For answering lover's sigh ?

The man who lives and never gives  
    His dulcet ear to song,  
That glad things pour the world o'er  
    Does merely shift along,  
But who alone, must hear each tone  
    And hears no mating call,  
How sad of him, God pity him !  
    He's never lived at all.

## WHAT I LEARNED AT SCHOOL

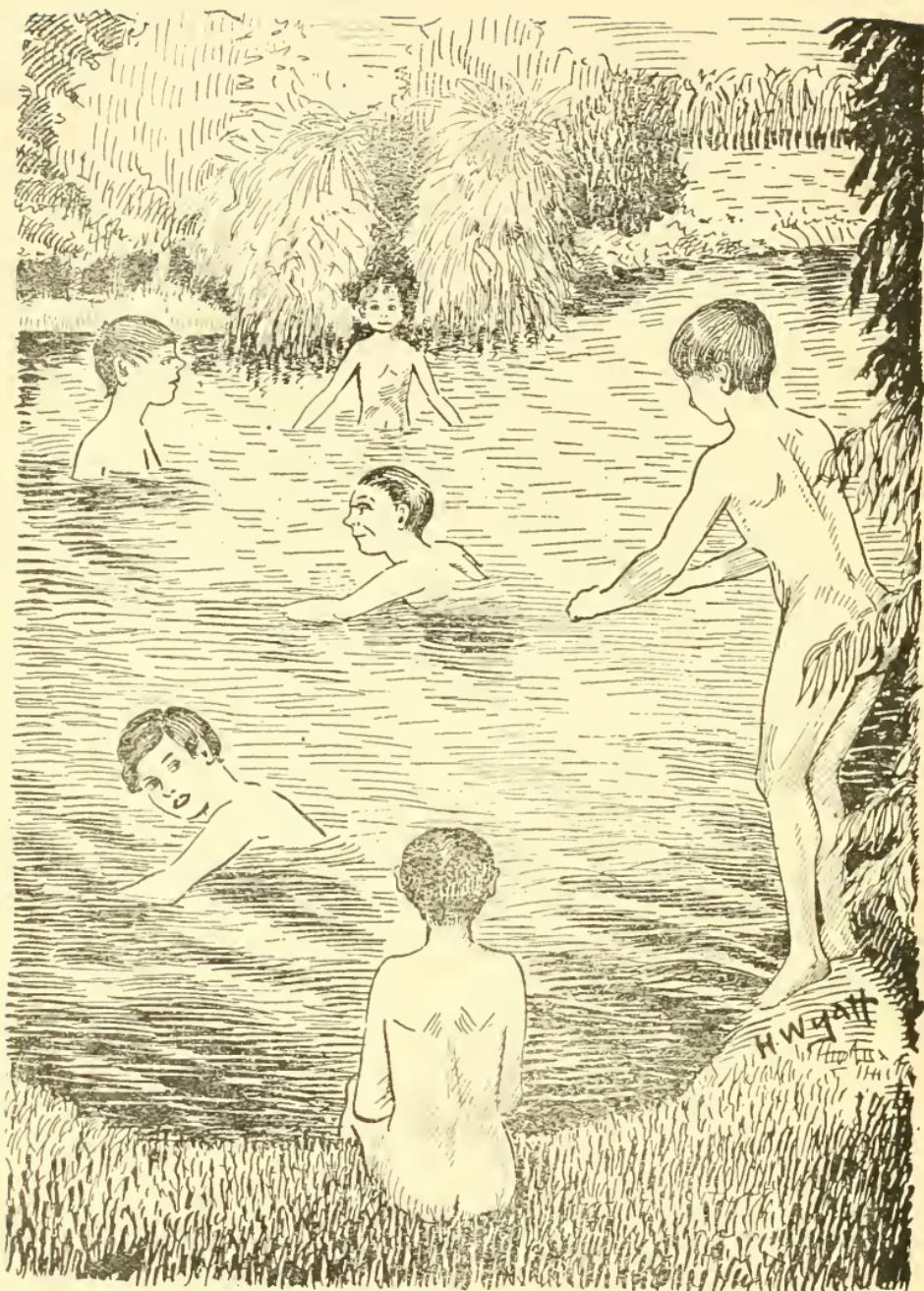
I hear my son oft' times complain  
That schools are detrimental  
And that his efforts wrought in pain  
Are far from consequential,  
'Tis then my mind to youth recurs  
When I attended district school,  
Of which sweet memory never blurs  
But kindles fresh with pleasant fuel.

The hedge bound lane through which I walked  
O'er grown with grass and daisy lined,  
Taught me the notes of birds I mocked  
And knowledge of the flowers defined,  
While sometimes through unbrageous fields  
I traversed on my way to school  
I paused knee deep in bluebell yields  
To peer within a placid pool.

And often times as I've confessed,  
I sneaked from home my hook and line  
To answer sunny hour's behest,—  
The school could do without me, fine,  
Ensconced in some sequestered nook  
That bordered where the waters sped,  
I did not study from a book  
But studied fishing lines instead.

O, I learned a lot in my school day  
The back hand stroke and sailor style,  
Just how to dive the bull-frog way,  
To tread a bit, then float a while,  
But I don't tell my boy the sum  
Of what I learned at district school,  
Alas! I say I took the plum  
For being studious to the rule.





WHAT I LEARNED AT SCHOOL

## HOOK WORM

Oh! I'm not lazy, not at all  
Among the daisies I jest fall  
To rest my weary frame;  
Jest a feelin' o'er me a stealin'  
Has lately came,—  
No—I'm not workin', kinder shirkin'—  
Aint that a shame?

No-o I don't suffer, 'taint like that  
Jest feel tougher lying flat,  
Don't feel like movin'  
Don't worry 'bout, cause I laid out  
As I'm improvin',  
Jest let me lay, where breezes play  
As they're so soothin'.

Caint do much talkin', thoughts o' walkin'  
Jest make me shiver,  
No, I aint blue, 'tween me and you  
Guess it's my liver,  
But I'm alright, my mind is bright  
Jest move my head,—there! that's alright  
Now I can lie right here 'til night  
And listen to the river.



## TO BE AT PEACE

Give vision to my eye to see the path

That leads to realms of sweet and quiet peace,  
And all the glory that Dame Fortune hath

Could not induce my weary feet to cease  
Their dogged tread with tireless energy  
Along the path if it could I but see.

Tortuous though the way, and broken by,

The rocks of toil, by Virtue's hands bestrewn  
That sluggards with unwonted ease who try  
Will find that they have sought the path too soon,  
And yet I will attend, though trials increase  
If but I know the path that leads to peace.

Ah! to be at peace, to thyself be true,

Transfixed with quiet strength, in calm accord  
With elements that build to filter through  
To drive away the self debasing horde,  
To be thy soul's own man unmoved by cries  
Of red lipped siren sin that sings but lies.



## I KNOW EVERYTHING

I know a pudgy, wudgy nose  
And two big dancing eyes,  
Within their depths nobody knows  
'Cept me what mischief lies.

I know a smiley pair of lips  
And touseled, wouseled hair,  
A little dimpled hand that slips  
In mine to nestle there.

I know some fatty, patty cheeks  
That hold the pinkest rose,  
And when undressed for bed, there peeks  
The same tint in her toes.

I know a little bear behind  
But I'm not scared a bit,  
It doesn't even seem to mind  
When I have paddled it.

I know I'm happy as I can be  
When I feel arms that cling,  
And then it almost 'pears to me  
That I know everything.

## MAMMY'S LULLABY

Close does eyes, kinky head  
 Go ter sleep on mubber's breas'  
 Yo' sweet lids am jest lak lead  
 Shet 'm tight in peaceful res'.

Yo' caint neber smile no more  
 'Til yo's hab er pleasant dream,  
 Des yo' go ter dreamland shore  
 Whal I finish dis yere seam.

One eye's open little sinnah  
 Des yo' close dat peep-o-day,  
 Yo' am drowsy sence yo' dinnah  
 Mischief, des yo' dream away.

Mubber loves to feel de thrill  
 Ob her precious 'gin her breas',  
 Now des lay dar pidgeon 'til  
 Yo' has hab yo' dream and res'.

Bless his heart, de lamb's asleep  
 Cuddled on his mudder's ahm,  
 Please O, Lord, ah prays ter keep  
 Mah baby allus safe from hahm.



## HI, THERE!

Hi, There! pretty butter-cup  
I will stoop to pick you up  
You will be so close to me  
I can better speak to thee,  
Yesterday, I passed you by,  
You did not even catch my eye  
But then she had not answered yes  
While now I'm filled with happiness.

Hi, There! pert and saucy jay,  
How are you this lovely day?  
No, I did not speak to you  
Yesterday—I was so blue,  
Hi, There! pretty turtle dove,  
I know something too 'bout love  
Coo away with your sweet mate  
You must know 'bout love and fate.

Hi, There! daisy, come with me  
We will make a jolly three,  
Butter-cup and thee and I  
All have twinkles in our eye  
And just think but yesterday  
I passed you in my sullen way,  
Now I give thee just one guess  
Do you think she answered yes?

Hi, There! stately poplar trees  
Waving silver in the breeze,  
Hi, There! smiling sky so blue  
I can smile the same as you,  
Hi, There! breeze a floating 'round  
With the fragrance you have found,  
Hi, There! air, I breathe so rare,  
Hi, There! everything, hi! there.

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### TO THYSELF BE TRUE

If thee to thyself would be true  
The outward fling that comes to sue  
Thee for thy peaceful state of mind  
Would turn to praise and trail behind.

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### THE CROSS

People who think that this life was intended  
To transmit sorrow and joy equally blended  
That with their blessings, hoped a goodly share  
The Lord imposed suffering, a cross to bear,  
Hold poor opinions indeed of the Lord,  
Who long ago deemed that His special accord.

## TIME DOES NOT CHANGE

Time does not change but oft' recurs  
The eye of Nature dims but never blurs,  
Time does not change, only man  
Struggles and frets an instant's span.

## WHO PLEASES US

O, little bird that sings  
So sweetly from the leafy swings  
Moved by gentle breezes,  
Thee do not know how well thee please us;  
Thee sings because of inner bliss  
Unmindful of thy notes that kiss  
Our ears with tones divine,  
And as thee sings from twig and vine  
While swaying in the breezes  
It must be God, who tries to please us.

## HE WHO IS GREAT

He who is great is oft' unsung  
And moves obscurely on his way,  
Unheralded by a noisy tongue  
That causes vulgar minds to sway,  
But yet each day he toes the line  
And head to head with silent foe  
He battles bravely 'til supine  
The enemy is stricken low.

### NO APOLOGY

No man need apologize for living  
Whose mind is free to keep the heart forgiving  
To the source unknown, which gives a wholesome share  
To some, while others grow upon a soil so bare  
That God smiles on the chap for just believing.



## THE FISHERMEN

Peter, Nathaneal and Thomas and the sons of Zebedee,  
Many, many years ago  
As the bible tells us so,  
At even-tide as chill winds blow  
Went fishing on the Galilee.

Hour after hour they toiled with their net  
'Til the black waves lie  
'Gainst a frowning sky,  
While star after star went out on high  
And the night grew black as jet.

Not a fish these weary fishermen caught,  
And their hopes sank low  
As over the bow  
Rose the dripping net, then sank below  
With their efforts all for naught.

At length the bleak night changed to dawn  
And there on the land,  
This hopeless band  
Saw a watching figure, point His hand  
Abaft, where the net should then be drawn.

Men are still fishing on life's Galilee  
For all that is real  
That will comfort and heal,  
Which on the dawn the Christ will reveal  
As to Peter, Nathaneal and Thomas and the sons of Zebedee.

And though black is the night and stormy the sea,  
The net must be cast  
'Til all hopes have passed  
And then in the dawn will we see Him at last  
On the shore of life's Galilee.

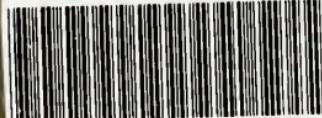




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